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Reviews.

The Open Court, a weekly journal devoted to the Religion of Science, edited by Dr. Paul Carus of Chicago, uniformly contains much interesting matter and occasional articles on Indian and Buddhist literature. In one of its recent numbers there is an interesting article by Charles Johnston entitled 'The Upanishads and the Brahmins'. The writer contends that the Vedānta is the outcome of Rajput genius and that Brahmins learnt it from Kshatriyas. He does not succeed in proving his point, and as much may be said against his position as in favour of it. The fact is, the ancient authors of the Upanishads never courted fame or publicity, the bane of modern literary activity. And Mr. Johnston's contention is of interest to us only as showing how one might go to the very fountain-head of wisdom, and, without drinking of it, pick up only the pebbles and stones scattered near it. Besides articles on the religions of the East, there are others of general interest like 'Over the Dead,' 'Advantages of Self-resignation,' which will repay perusal. The Journal deserves a wide circulation in our country.

The Gospel of Buddha, by Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago) is a very handy volume presenting, in the author's words, "a picture of a religious leader of the remote past with the view of making it bear upon the living present and become a factor in the formation of the future." Few books on Buddhism more clearly bring out the personality of Buddha, or give a more succinct account of his teachings. It follows none of the Sectarian doctrines but takes the ideal position of Buddhism. It is a mistake to think that the religion of Buddha was a rebellion against the spirit of the Vedānta. On the other hand it was really a part of the Vedānta, and busied itself with overthrowing a corrupt, degenerate and lifeless ritualism which was doing duty for the real religion of the Vedānta. The glory of Buddha consists in having *emphasised the ethical aspect of the Upanishads* at a time when bloody sacrifices, oppressive caste restrictions, and cumbersome rituals were nearly all that were left living in Hinduism. Buddha restored the connection between Hinduism and its fountain-head, the Upanishads, which by the work of time and other influences had been forgotten; and thus he purified the former. His teachings correspond, though not fully, to the Karma-Yoga path of the Vedānta, and involves to some extent the Rāja-Yoga path also. Bhakti has in it no place, and Gnāna obtains a feeble and inefficient recognition. That Buddha's precepts were not in themselves sufficient as a national religion, is further attested by the fact of its having been found necessary to supplement them by what is known as the Mahāyāna, the large vessel of Salvation.

It is a pity that the author does not fully grasp the Vedāntic doctrine of the *Ātman*. He writes, "Buddhism is monistic, it claims that man's soul does not consist of two things, of an *Ātman* and of a *manas*." If Buddhism is monistic, it is because, and not in spite, of the Vedānta; and nowhere does the latter say that there are two different things in man's soul, the *Ātman* and the mind. The mind is itself the *Ātman* when freed from ignorance and the delusion of 'self'. The same consciousness is *manas* when it fancies that it is limited and tied down to matter, and the *Ātman* when this illusion vanishes. The *Ātman* is not the mysterious ego-entity supposed to reside behind or within man's bodily and psychical activity as a distinct being, as Paul Carus represents it to be, but consciousness or *pragna* freed from error and egoism. The imperfect grasp of this cardinal point of the Vedānta mars here and there the beauty of the otherwise valuable book. It has already run four editions and has awakened great interest in Buddhism. It is of special interest to the student of Comparative Religion, pointing out, as it does, the common ethical basis of all religions, and how it is to the glory of Buddhism that its great founder should have laid special emphasis on the one aspect of religion which always stands the greatest danger of being forgotten or neglected.

The Ramayana of Tulsi Das: Translated from the original Hindi by F. S. Growse, published by Pundit Kundan Lal, Fategarh, N. W. P., India; price, Rs. 3.—The translation is excellent, and few Indian books have had the fortune to be so ably and faithfully rendered in the English language. Our oriental idioms and similes do not easily lend themselves to be put in English garb. And considering this and other difficulties incidental to a work of this kind, the translator deserves to be highly congratulated on his success. Hindi being a foreign dialect to the South, it is really a fortune that the celebrated Rāmāyana of Tulsi Dās, which, in the words of Griffith, "is more popular and more honored by the people in the North-West Provinces than the Bible is by the corresponding classes in England," has been made accessible to people of other provinces through the medium of a faithful translation.

Idolatry, by Alpha (Published by Babu Nandu Lal Ganguli of No. 5, Puddopoker Lane, Bhawanipoor).—This is a pamphlet of about 40 pages, full of interesting matter, and deals with the subject in an exhaustive manner. The writer truly remarks, "People think they are iconoclasts because they do not profess to worship outward images of clay, stones, &c. But they forget in their pride of superior knowledge, that they worship inward mental images, which are not less objectionable than outward ones. * * * "So our *soi-disant* iconoclast really does nothing but mischief, as he creates classes among the ignorant masses, and sets one against another. He sows the seed of selfishness, hate and war." And again, "Critics in their self-love abuse the Hindus roundly for what they call 'idolatry.' But if they take the trouble to enquire what and where the Hindus really do worship, they will find call themselves blessed to become idolaters like the Hindus."

The Awakener of India: Devoted to Science, Philosophy and Religion, (published at Madras by a few graduates for free circulation).—No I. "Agnosticism" sets forth its nature and effects. One might well begin as an agnostic, but should not end there. Any amount of rational inquiry is welcome in the field of the Vedānta, and agnosticism is only a stepping-stone to the latter.

News and Notes.

Swami Vivekananda's return to India.—It will be a source of great pleasure to our readers to hear that Swami Vivekananda will shortly be in our midst, that Madras, which will have the fortune of being his first landing place in India, is astir with the news and busy with preparations to welcome the great delegate whom she had the courage to send forth, almost without trying his powers, to a foreign land, and who has discharged that trust in a quite marvellous way. A meeting was held here on the 15th December last, and a committee has been appointed to arrange for his reception.

The Swami left London on the 16th ult. On his way he would visit some places in Italy, and leave Naples per *S. S. Prinz Regent Luitpold* of the North German Lloyd line. She will reach Colombo on or about the 16th inst. The Swami wishes to stop there for a few days. Thence he will come to Madras by another steamship. He will reach Calcutta before the birthday Anniversary of Bhagavān Rāma-krishna Deva.

It is not yet known how long the Swami intends to stay in India. A great deal of work awaits him here, but he knows it better than we do. We may be sure, however, that, on his arrival here, many new schemes will be set on foot and successfully carried out, and that there will be a fresh awakening of spiritual enthusiasm throughout the whole country. Those of our readers who may be desirous of seeing and hearing the Swami will, we trust, not lose the present opportunity of doing so.

Jesus and the Vedanta.—Miss Ellen Waldo, whom Swami Vivekananda is said to consider as one of his ablest disciples,

(Continued on cover page 3).

News and Notes.—(Continued.)

(Continued from cover page 2).

and who at the request of the Swāmi commenced her classes in New York, in November last, in her opening address on "the Vedānta in the west," says, "It must not be supposed that the teachings of the Vedānta are in any way antagonistic to Christianity. On the contrary, if we examine many of the sayings of Jesus by the light of its interpretation, we shall find how wonderfully they harmonize with this philosophy. For instance, in his teachings, Jesus clearly recognizes and indicates the three stages of development into which the Vedānta divides its followers. First the dualists—those who believe that God and man are two, and eternally separate. To such as these Jesus teaches a Father in Heaven, heavenly mansions after death, and general dependence on the will of a Higher Power. The next stage, the qualified monists, those who regard the union between God and man as of the nature of the relation of a whole to its parts, Jesus symbolizes by the figure of a vine and its branches, which are one yet distinct, and in this sense he says, "My Father is greater than I." The highest stage—the monists, those who believe that God and man are essentially One and inseparable, Jesus indicates when he says, "I and my Father are One"—and again—"The kingdom of Heaven is within you."

It must always be remembered that Jesus was an Oriental and as such naturally used Oriental figures of speech.

From the fact that about three hundred years before the birth of Jesus, King Asoka sent Buddhist missionaries into many lands, and among other cities to Antioch and Alexandria in Egypt, and as we all know a portion of his youth was passed by Jesus in Egypt, it is not impossible that he may have actually been acquainted with some of the Hindu philosophy, though I am far from asserting that such was the case.

Dr. Barrows.—Swāmi Vivekānanda, in writing to the *Indian Mirror*, says, "It was the great courage, untiring industry, unruffled patience, and never-failing courtesy of Dr. Barrows that made the Parliament of Religions a grand success. . . . The Christ power which this man intends to bring to India is not the intolerant, dominant superior, with heart full of contempt for everything else but its own self, but a brother who craves for a brother's place as a co-worker of the various powers already working in India. Above all, we must remember that gratitude and hospitality are the peculiar characteristics of Indian humanity, and as such, I would beg my countrymen to behave in such a manner that this stranger from the other side of the globe may find that, in the midst of all our misery, our poverty and degradation, the heart beats as warm as of yore, when the "wealth of Ind" was the proverb of nations, and India was the land of the Aryas."

We trust that Dr. Barrows will not be misled by the biased representations of missionary friends but put himself in a sympathetic and liberal-minded attitude so as to understand the life and manners of the people at large. Appearances have often deceived, and the statements of over-zealous converts prejudiced many a foreign visitor, and they have gone away with the impression that Hinduism means hideous images and half-naked Pariahs. The shrewd and sympathetic eyes of the great doctor will, we are sure, find that, unless one is willing to be misled, behind these there is a spirit of genuine philosophy and cheerful resignation. Even the poor of India are religious in the true sense of the word, if they are nothing else; and are not the Godless devils they are often represented to be.

Christianity in India.—In his lecture to the Brooklyn Ethical Association on "The Evolution of Ethics" Swāmi Sārādānanda said—"One more influence needs to be traced, that of Christianity. Those who believe that Christianity will supply India a higher system of ethics or a higher religion are mistaken indeed. The student of history knows well the fact that the high system of ethics which Christianity teaches was evolved in India long before the birth of Christ, and was not only evolved, but was carried into practice in the daily

life of the people. But the one great thing which Christian people have done in India is to bring about the revival of free thought. Before the English went there, the country had been too much tied up with the old authorities, and liberty of thought almost abolished. Western education has helped progress by bringing back again the liberty of thought. Then again, trade competition with Western nations is breaking down the trammels of the caste system every day. The comparative study of the different religions has brought home the conviction that the ethical standard of the Vedānta, if not superior to all others, is inferior to none. But the one bad thing which the Christians have done, and still are trying to do, is to belittle and destroy the high ideals of the nation. If India knows anything and has anything to give to the world, it is her religion, and she knows only too well how to judge of a system of ethics and religion, if it is not carried out in the daily life of its preachers.

Day by day it is coming out clearly that India will accept Christ as one among her many high ideals, but will never become Christian by giving up her own.

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OR
AWAKENED INDIA.

ब्रह्मविदाप्नोति परम्.

“He who knows the Supreme attains the highest.”—*Tait. Upa.* II. 1. 1.

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MADRAS, JANUARY 1897.

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MONTHLY.

The Universality of the Veda'nta.

We have seen that religion is a constitutional necessity with man, that it is not possible for him to pull on for a long time in this world of strife without conscious relationship with God. We have also seen that one common religion will not suit all mankind, and that, with increasing knowledge of man's growth and tendencies, all dreams of a universal religion appear more and more chimerical. Religions have to differ according to different stages of human evolution; but these different religions may, as has been already hinted, be well cemented together into a compact whole by the power of a liberal and comprehensive philosophy. It was to illustrate this truth that Hinduism was taken up as the subject of our last leader.

Hinduism is really a very peculiar religion: it is, as we have seen, one of the most highly evolved of all religions, and, at the same time, the most conglomerate perhaps. It has eaten up almost all the great religions, and has assimilated with itself their best parts. It was said of Vâli, the great monkey-chief of the Râmâyana, that he had the peculiar power of drawing to himself half the strength of his foes, and thereby defeating them. A similar thing may well be said of Hinduism. Great and noble religions came in contact with it; but it has devoured them all, as the magic rod of Moses did the serpents of the Egyptian sorcerers. Says Monier Williams, “It may with truth be asserted that no description of Hinduism can be exhaustive which does not touch on almost every religious and philosophical idea that the world has ever known. Starting from the Veda, Hinduism has ended in embracing something from all religions, and in presenting phases suited to all minds. It is all-tolerant, all-compliant, all-comprehensive, all-absorbing. It has its spiritual and its material aspect, its esoteric and exoteric, its subjective and objective, its rational and irrational, its pure and its impure. It

may be compared to a huge polygon, or irregular multilateral figure. It has one side for the practical, another for the severely moral, another for the devotional and imaginative, another for the sensuous and sensual, and another for the philosophical and speculative. Those who rest in ceremonial observances find it all-sufficient; those who deny the efficacy of works, and make faith the one requisite, need not wander from its pale; those who are addicted to sensual objects may have their tastes gratified; those who delight in meditating on the nature of God and man, the relation of matter and spirit, the mystery of separate existence, and the origin of evil, may here indulge their love of speculation.” It has been growing for centuries, nay ages, and is still a compact organism, though huge, with an infinite capacity to expand. In spite of its numerous imperfections, its officious, and too often mischievous, interference with society, and its lazy conservatism, it has,—at least in theory, often also in practice,—the unity of Godhead of Christianity, Muhammadanism, and other monotheistic religions, all the ethical perfection of Buddhism, all the liberty of thought of Agnosticism, all or all that is practicable in the charity of Socialism, and all the love and respect for humanity which Positivism has; nay more, for in its eyes humanity itself is Divinity. Really a huge structure this Hinduism; and to the superficial observer it is simply incoherent and mad; but when one looks into it closely, one discovers that there is ‘a method in its madness’, and that its heart-beats are surprisingly rhythmic and sound.

But whence this health? and what gives to it its compactness, receptivity, and many-sidedness? What kind of spirit is it that pervades through this monster fabric of a religion enlivening it from top to bottom? Is it the spirit of nationality or the bond of a common language, which unites together its various parts? No, it is the spirit of the philosophy on which it rests. Hin-

duism really is not one religion. It is a number of religions, a galaxy of spiritual lights knit together, 'like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid', by an immortal and all-embracing philosophy. It is a veritable Parliament of Religions, where different creeds have met together, in fraternal kinship and republican equality, under the guidance and support of a liberal and paternal philosophy. This philosophy is, our readers need not be told, the Vedānta, which can, as we shall see, knit together not merely the different members of Hinduism, but all the religions of the world.

The Vedānta is essentially catholic, because it recognises more than any other philosophy the grand and universal law of evolution, 'which none can stay nor stem.' Man is its study, man who develops from the brute into God. It takes hold of him from his earliest starting-point and unfolds to him his fullest possibilities. The most primitive and barbarous section of mankind is not too low for its notice, and the highest possible realization of Divinity is the end which it promises to all alike. Its range is therefore the widest possible; and as every man has his religion, however grotesque, primitive, and barbarous, all the religions of the world, from the lowest fetichism to the highest Brahmagnāna, come within its pale. The religion of fear, the religion of love, and the religion of light, all fall within its scope. Its mission is to take up man just where he is, and lead him onward, inspiring him with hope and filling him with such light as his mind could grasp. "Order and progress" is its watchword. The snake-worshipper who thinks that the serpent is the only God, is told that the serpent is God; but, as that God must be omnipresent and all-wise, he is gradually led on to believe that the serpent is only one of the many symbols by which He may be worshipped. One step further: the symbol is forgotten, or obtains an esoteric meaning, acceptable even to the philosopher, and the thing symbolised becomes all in all. Similarly again, if a man begins with taking a fancy for adorning his God with skulls and beads, he is told that his fancy representation signifies the highest, the mightiest, and the most beneficent Being, and that the skulls and the beads have an inner and beautiful signification; and thus gradually God gets better of the idol.

The above is exactly the process by which it was possible for Pariahs like Nanda, Tiruppan and others, to grow into Saints. The fullest possibilities are presented to every one, irrespective of his particular caste and creed; and that is how in the grand religious republic of the Vedānta, Brahmins often get degraded into fetich-worshippers, and men of the lowest castes come up as saints and sages and command the worship of all the country. The Brahmin Saint, Sundara, sang, "I am the slave of the slaves, of the potter Tirunila,* shepherd Anāya, the hunter Kannappa, the oil-monger Kaliya, and the *chandāla* Nanda;" and the majority of the Vaishnavite saints, whose praises are chanted forth every day by Brahmin lips at Srīrangam, come from castes the members of which were worshippers of demoniac gods or hideous images; and even to-day, how easily has it been possible for many a low caste Hindu to shake off his clan worship and rise to higher regions of spiritual realization. In the United States, every man, no matter what his profession, has the liberty to hope that he might one day be the President

of the United States, provided he has the capacity and good fortune required. An exactly similar freedom prevails in India in the religious sphere, however hard may be the caste restrictions; and it is open for barber and washermen to push on towards the realization of *Atmagnāna* if only they have the mental capacity for it. The process by which such an evolution becomes possible is extremely mild and natural, and is worthy of conscious imitation, especially by foreign missionaries. The Vedānta does not convert, but makes the man grow for himself, by simply presenting the living and grand ideal. The examples of perfected men exercise a silent influence upon the whole community, and instil into every man, irrespective of caste or profession, the hope of himself becoming one. The result is, from the Pariah to the Brahmin, every one aspires in his own humble way for religious realization through one or other of the four ancient great methods, Karma, Bhakti, Yoga, and Gnāna, according to his mental aptitude and capacity. The spirit is throughout the same, however different may be its manifestations, and throughout there is an eager and hopeful looking forward towards the ideal of Liberation (*moksha*).

A peculiarity of the Vedānta, which undoubtedly contributes to its universality, is that it has a strong faith in the Providential government of the universe, in the omniscience of the immanent Power that resides in the world; consequently, it never hastily condemns anything, but draws attention to the good that may be in it. It has an unshakable faith in slow and natural growth, and seeks to correct, not by force, but by the silent magic of grand and powerful ideals. To take an example: flesh-eating is a prevalent vice among mankind; the Vedānta preaches kindness and love towards lower animals, and strongly condemns flesh-eating; and many sects have accordingly totally abstained from this relic of barbarism; but it must take a long time for all mankind to become vegetarian in its diet. And till then, the Vedānta says to the flesh-eating Sūdra, "Friend, if you are so fond of meat let the animals you kill be an offering to your God before becoming your food." The advantage is, a new idea is brought in, which will have its own wholesome effect, until the example of the higher castes could prevail against this barbarous custom. Even the Indian robber differs in some peculiar respects from his brethren of other countries: he never starts out on his holy pilgrimage without solemnly praying to his gods; and a portion of his plunder invariably goes to the deity. One day or other, the robber realises that his profession is not exactly the best that could be thought of, and that he will have to suffer for his sins, not only here but also hereafter. The God-idea then grows upon him and induces him to retire from the field, a sadder but a wiser man. The great Vaishnavite saint, Tirumangai Alvar, was in his *pūrvāsrāma* before he became a *bhakta* a robber. He had a genius for robbing and was a veteran in the trade; he had a large following and was deservedly notorious. On a certain dark midnight, he was within the walls of the great temple of Srīrangam, robbing the sleeping God Ranganātha. Silk umbrellas, silver utensils, golden thrones, diamond necklaces were all helped out of the temple; but a gold ring on Ranganātha's toe remained tempting the infatuated robber. He tried his utmost to force it out, but it would not come, and he was determined not to leave it. His teeth were employed to bite it out, and while thus struggling, he felt or fancied he felt blood oozing out of the toe, and lo!

* Sivite saints.

there stood Ranganātha before him in all His glory. The robber drew back, and at once broke out in a glorious hymn to Nārāyaṇa, one of the very best in Tamil literature. The spoils of his night's adventure were all returned; and the robber who would dacoit Ranganātha became a *bhakta*, and built His temple—the one which still stands. The Divine Thief (*taskurunāmpate*) got the better of the human thief.

This is how the Vedānta works: whatever was, was necessary, it says; and sympathy is the secret of its success. It condemns no man as accursed, gives up none as hopeless, but embraces all mankind within its fold, trusting to the silent work of time, the unfaltering law of *karma*, and the power of living ideals, for the growth of both the individual and the society. This will explain how Hinduism is a multitude of creeds, closely knit together, and how its perplexing variety has a substratum of unity, which permeates it through and through as its *prana* or vital principle.

The Vedānta is not only broad and liberal, but also strong enough to be the backbone of all the religions in the world. There is nothing in it, which is not deeply and firmly rooted in the nature of things; and its theories are such as no logic, however penetrating and rigorous, could dislodge. Its truths stand the severest test, and can be verified by the best of proofs—direct, personal experience. It shrinks from no question, and is the only philosophy that completely solves the problem of life. It postulates nothing and insists upon nothing which cannot be verified. Religion is often said to be a matter of faith; true it is, but this license is at times extended to philosophy also. If both religion and philosophy be alike relegated to the domain of faith, then both must perish. Philosophy is the rational sanction of religion; religion as vulgarly understood is philosophy made popular; and in its highest sense, *vis.*, realization, it is philosophy lived out, applied. Religion and philosophy must always go together, and any divorcement of the one from the other is extremely mischievous, and often proves fatal to both. Christianity as taught by Christ is one of the noblest religions in the world; but as it was rested on no philosophical backbone, it is gradually losing its power; and if it survives from the shocks of recent scientific researches, it can be only by being consciously rested on rational sanction. Such rational sanction is being rapidly discovered; for the truths which Christ taught have in them the stamp of immortality, but the unphilosophical church, which erected itself on them, hid their light under a bushel of rituals and theories about creation, birth-place of man, and other subjects which—however much sanctified by the name of Religion—Geology, Physical Science, and History could have no patience for. The Vedānta on the other hand never lays any stress on any non-essential doctrine which scientific researches can displace. It never mistakes the purpose of religion, and takes care not to intrude on the province of Science and History. Even its theory of creation, beautifully and consistently elaborated as it is, it lays no stress on; and it says, an enquiry into the successive steps into which this material universe grew, belongs to Science, and not to Philosophy; it is enough for its purpose that the world, evolved in whatever order, is only phenomenal and can be nothing but a manifestation of the universal consciousness or God. To the real Vedāntin who seeks to realise God in this world and with his own body, a

hereafter—is perfectly immaterial. He does not trouble himself about what lives he led in previous incarnation—, as dog, horse, serpent, &c., nor about the dark or light-filled *lokas* he may pass through after leaving the body. It is enough that in the course of a single hour his mind is, by transmigrating from one thing to another, undergoing a series of births and deaths, and that he could, by alchemising that mind into the universal consciousness, put an end to the ever-recurring misery of birth and death, and become God Himself. The stronghold of the Vedānta could never be shaken. It is the one school of religious philosophy which never threatens with a 'believe, or you will be ruined;' but invites the most elaborate and searching enquiry. It shrinks from no questions, and outdoes all other systems in the rigor of its logic, the boldness of its intuition, and the final results of its search.

It is the one philosophy which dares to call man God Himself, not merely the son of God or His servant. Universal Brotherhood is too low an expression to denote its abounding love, it speaks of universal self-hood. 'He who sees the universe in himself and himself in the universe,' say the Upanishads repeatedly 'is the sage,' the perfected man.

Thus, we have seen that the national philosophy of India on which her religion is based, is broad enough to comprise within its sphere all the religions of the world, and strong enough to make them enduring and useful. Whether they will or no, consciously or unconsciously, all these religions are based upon the eternal verities of the Vedānta, for its range is nothing less than the range of the whole human race. It is conscious of its strength, and has entire sympathy with the diversity of religious creeds; nay, it welcomes even a vast variety, because it is eager that no man in this world should suffer for want of a religion suited to his nature; and whatever 'isms' may spring up in the unknown future, must fall necessarily within the boundless fold of the Vedānta. In its broad economy, every religion is accommodated in the proper place, and is made to lead on to higher religions with nobler ideals.

The sooner religions recognize their place and their kinship with the Vedānta, the better it will be for them and their growth will be sooner ensured. But for the support of such a philosophy which makes all the world akin, Hinduism would have ceased to be a religion long, long ago, and would have become a barren fossil to be dug out of oblivion by laborious antiquaries. It is exactly the want of such an enduring and liberal philosophy that has made Christianity shake to its foundations before the onslaught of modern science. It is the want of such a bold and all-embracing philosophy, that has robbed Buddhism of its pristine nobility and love, and split it into a number of lazy and ceremonious churches, and supplemented the pure Hīnayāna,—Buddha's little vessel of salvation—with the half mythical Mahāyāna,—the large vessel of salvation. It is the want of such a generous and sympathetic philosophy, that has made Muhammadanism a by-word for religious intolerance and fanaticism. One peculiarity of the Vedānta is, as we have already indicated, that it never interferes with forms. It concerns itself solely with the life of religions. The Christian need not renounce his Christianity, the Buddhist need not give up his ancient faith, the Muhammadan may stick to his Mecca and the Koran; and yet all these may *consciously* follow the Vedānta, and seek with fervour to realise

its highest promises. Nay, their love to their respective Prophets and Bibles will become more dignified, more enlightened, and more sincere; and religious animosity will subside and the world move on to its great end with less friction.

The Power of Faith.

There was a great *Acharya* or Religious Preceptor, who from time to time revealed to people the method of attaining eternal beatitude. This he did in various ways. To some he spoke at length about it; to others he gave laconic formulæ, which, if they recited and meditated upon, led them by degrees to a knowledge of the *Paramâtman* and to the happiness that is the result of such knowledge. The period during which he was to instruct his disciples and others who sought enlightenment at his hands, had come. Crowds of people had gathered round his *âsrama* or hermitage. Among them, there were many that had mastered the Vedas and *Shedângas*; many that had studied the various systems of philosophy and gained a very clear knowledge of the arts and sciences in all their branches. Many ruling princes had also come with their followers to receive instruction from the *Paramahansa*, for *Brahmavidya* or knowledge of the *Paramâtman* is dear to all—irrespective of their positions in life. The day on which the Preceptor was to begin instructing the people, actually arrived; and all appeared before him with reverential faces, and reciting stanzas from a great many poets suited to the occasion and the dignity of the *Paramahansa*. One after another, the learned approached him and received suitable hints in the *Vedânta*. Every face that returned from the *âsrama* beamed with delight. Doubts had been destroyed like straws in a conflagration. Truth appeared before them like the distinct orb of the sun at break of day, and the way to final emancipation from the bonds of existence seemed clear and near at hand. Large concourse of the initiated assembled in the wood-lands around the *âsrama*, and, comparing notes, found the instruction imparted to them in perfect conformity with the tenets of the Vedas and the *Vedângas*. The ruling princes also received at the hands of the *Paramahansa* such enlightenment as placed them much above the ordinary mortals of the world, and filled them with an internal light and peace to which they had long been strangers. The eventful day well nigh drew to a close. The orb of day was standing on the verge of the horizon, to go down and leave the world to darkness. A *chandâla* or man of the lowest order of human beings in India appeared at some distance before the *âsrama*, and prostrating himself before the *Paramahansa*, who was seated in the *âsrama*, said—"Sire, I have long been desirous of receiving instructions at your hands: vouchsafe to tell me something of the *Paramâtman*, that will destroy the gloom in my mind and fill it with light and peace." "Horror of horrors!"—said the *Pandits* assembled around—"How can a *chandâla* ask for *Brahmavidya*, and how can the *Paramahansa* impart it to him!" The *Paramahansa* noted the request of the *chandâla*, and, after looking at him attentively for some time, said, "Begone!" "Well said!"—exclaimed the *Pandits*—"Who knows the law better than the *Paramahansa*?" It was a custom of the *âsrama* that, the next year, the people then initiated should present themselves, and shew to the *Paramahansa* the progress they had made. So the

next year came, and a large concourse of people gathered round the *âsrama*. The *Acharya* propounded a query the answer to which would show whether any of them had really profited by the instruction imparted by him the previous year. The answer was to be noted on a piece of bark and sent up to the *Paramahansa* with the name of the writer. Accordingly a great many pieces of bark went into the *âsrama*. He perused them all, and found that there was only one among them which contained the correct answer. It was signed—"Begone!" It was the piece sent up by the *chandâla*. The *Paramahansa* declared what had actually taken place; the learned that were assembled there were astonished at what had happened. The *Paramahansa* addressed them as follows:—

"You must know that faith is a powerful agent in the enlightenment of the heart. When the *chandâla* asked for instruction, he was told 'begone.' This he took as his aphorism, and, meditating on it, first came to the conclusion that he should go away from the world and its ways, to make his path clear towards eternal bliss. Thus, by further interpreting the same word, he found all that was needed for the elucidation of his mind. He believed and he knew. None of you was capable of that degree of belief, for you have all been imbued with ideas of your greatness as scholars. Hence it is that the Yogi, 'Begone,' as he signs himself, has become a true disciple of mine." The learned, who heard this speech, were all convinced of what the *Paramahansa* said, and immediately adopted a life of extreme humility and faith. The Yogi, 'Begone' became a preceptor to many of them.

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On Symbols

BY

SWAMI VIVEKA'NANDA.

In each religion there are three parts, first the philosophy, then the mythology, and then the ritual. The philosophy, of course, is the essence of all religions, and the mythology has to express that philosophy through lives of great men, interspersed with stories of wonderful things and so forth; and then there is the ritual, which brings it to a still more concrete form, so that every one can grasp it—concretised philosophy is ritual. This ritual is Karma, and is necessary in every religion, because most of us cannot understand abstract spiritual thoughts, until we grow very much spiritually. It is very easy for men to think they can understand anything, but when it comes to actual experience we find we are mistaken, and that we have no conception whatever of abstract ideas. So, in that state of mind, we find a great deal of help from those symbols, the symbolical method of putting things before us. From time immemorial these symbols have been used by all varieties of religions. In one sense we cannot but think in symbols; words themselves are symbols for the thought; in one sense everything in the universe is a symbol. A chair is a symbol of the real chair behind, which we do not know. The thing we see is the symbol of the thing signified. The whole universe is a symbol, and God is the essence behind.

This symbology again is not created by man; it is not that certain people in every religion sit down and pick out certain symbols, hands and feet, and so forth, out of

their own mind. These symbols are growth. Why is it that certain symbols are associated with certain ideas, with almost every one? You will find certain symbols universal. Many of you think that the cross began with the Christian religion, but it existed before Christianity was, before Moses was born, before the Vedas, before there was any record. You will find the cross among the Aztecs, the Phœnicians: every one had the cross. Again the symbol of the crucified Saviour, a crucified man upon a cross was almost in every nation. A circle is a great symbol throughout the world. Then there is the most

universal of all symbols, *svastika*



At one time

it was thought that the Buddhists carried it all over the world with them, but it has been found out that ages before Buddhism it was used among nations. In old Babylon, in Egypt, it was found. What does this show? That all these symbols could not have been conventional. There must be some reason, some natural association between them and the human mind. It is just as no language can be created; simply so many people sitting down and saying we will represent this idea by this word and that by that word; it would be impossible because there never was an idea without a word, ideas and words are inseparable. There never was a time when they were not inseparable. These words may come in several ways. They may be sound symbols or colour symbols. Dumb people must think with other than sound symbols. Wherever there is any thought in the mind it must have as its counter-part some form that in Sanskrit philosophy is called *nāma rūpa*, the name and form. Just as it would be impossible to create a language—that is, the natural evolution, the expression of the human mind—so it would be impossible to create a symbology.

These symbols are the expressions of the religious thought of humanity. Wherever man wants to express the religious feelings in him, his method is to express them in certain peculiar forms, and just as thought calls out the form, so the form naturally calls in the thought. Just as the internal thought is projected outside as the form, so the external form must help to bring the thought in, and that is why we see the necessity of so many temples and churches and altars and all these things. It is easy to say what is the use of these temples and paraphernalia; every baby says that in modern times; but every baby when he enters finds one set of men, and when he comes outside finds another set of men. So that shows that the association of these forms has a tendency to bring into the mind the thought for which they stand as symbols. As such the study of symbology can not be neglected.

All over the world you will find images in some form or other. With some it is in the form of a man, and that is the best form. If I wanted to worship an image I would worship it in the form of a man, rather than of an animal, or a building, or any other form. One sect thinks this is the right sort of image, and another thinks it is bad. The Christian thinks that when God came in the form of a dove it was all right, but if He comes in the form of a cow, as the Hindus say, it is very wrong and superstitious. The Jews think if an idol be made in the form of a chest with two angels sitting on it, and a book in it, it is all right, but if it is in the form of a man or a woman it is very horrible. The Muhammadans think that when they pray, if they try to form an image of the temple with the Kaba, the black stone, in it, and turn towards the west, it

is all right, but if you form the image in the shape of a church it is idolatry. This is the defect of image worship. Yet all these seem to be necessary stages. These images and other things are quite necessary. You may try to bring your mind to concentrate, or even to project any thought. You will find that you will naturally form images in your mind. You can not help it. Two sorts of persons never require any images—the human animal who never thinks of any religion, and the perfected being who has passed through these stages. Between these two points all of us require some sort of ideal outside and inside. It may be in the form of a departed human being, or of a living man or woman. This is clinging to personality, and bodies, and is quite natural. We are prone to concretise. Why should we be here if we are not concretised? We are concretised spirits and so we find ourselves here on this earth. Idols have brought us here, and they will take us out. It is the homeopathic cure, *similia similibus*. Going after things of the senses has made us human beings, and we are bound to worship personal beings, whatever we may talk. It is very easy to say "Don't be personal," but the same man you will find most personal. His attachment for particular men and women is very strong; it will not leave him when they die, but he wants to follow them beyond death. That is idolatry; it is the seed, the very cause of idolatry, and the cause being there it will come out in some form. Is it not better to have a personal attachment to an image of Christ or Buddha than to a living wicked man or woman? The Americans say it is very bad to kneel before an image of Christ, but they say it is the highest thing to kneel before a woman, and say "You are my life, the light of my life, the light of my eyes, my soul." If they had four legs they would kneel on all four. That is worse idolatry than anything. Animals will kneel that way. What is this talk about my soul, my life? In five days it will go away. It is only attachment of the senses. Why does not man kneel to men if it is not so? It is lost covered by a mass of flowers, the same as you find in brutes. Poets give it a good name, and throw lavender water and all sorts of things over it, but it is lost. Is it not better to kneel before a statue of Buddha, the Jina conqueror, and say, "Thou art my life." I would rather a hundred times do that than kneel to any woman.

(From his American Lectures.)

Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita.

(Continued from page 71.)

We have now arrived at one of the most interesting questions in our consideration of the Gita. The issue has risen from Arjuna to Krishna Himself, and many a hard and insulting judgment has been passed upon the poor author of the Bhagavadgita for the advice he gave to Arjuna. The judges, as our readers might have already surmised, are our friends, the missionaries, who, in their own noble, refined and exemplary way, have either cast serious doubts on the sanity of Sri Krishna, or worse still, have sought to incriminate Him by certain sections of the Penal Code. Unfortunately, the criminal who has been thus wisely condemned, is not available for punishment, and refuses to be produced *habeas corpus* before the tribunal by which He was condemned unheard. Our brethren are more eager to accuse than to understand, and judge before they hear: and, in their eagerness to benefit the world by

their sapient condemnation, they never stop to question the finality of their judgments. Their moral and religious indignation spares neither Râma nor Krishna; and the fact of these latter being looked upon as *avatârs* of God by, a heathenish 'nigger' race, only excites their fury all the more. "Love," says an English writer, "is one whether it be called that of Christ, or Krishna, or any other individualized expression of Truth. As long as this cannot be seen, there will be war of sects and religions against each other, and sending forth of missionaries to insult and irritate, to teach creeds—not love and truth. The love of Krishna is deep in the Hindu heart, and cannot be thus slighted with impunity. Yet, under all these irritations, the Hindu has yet to be found who would retort by any insult or criticism of the founder of Christianity. To the Hindu, such criticism of the pure and noble of any race or age, is a dreadful crime, involving far-reaching retributive effects. It is a pity we do not think the same. To irritate and insult are easier than to understand. We know how Christ has been hauled in the Free Thought tribunal, and how the Bible has fared under the dissecting lancet of its opponents. We, for our part, have no sympathy with scurrilous attacks and rash criticisms of holy men and books—no matter of what country—though we might not always succeed in understanding them.

So much for the narrow-minded attacks hurled against the Gita by some fanatical missionaries. Now let us turn to some of the moderate criticisms. Krishna advises Arjuna to fight, by telling him that there is really no death, that the *Atman* is ancient, eternal; and kills not, nor is killed; and that he alone is wise who is not affected by the pairs of opposites, grief and joy, honor and dishonor, &c., which soil not the *Atman*. Referring to this statement, Bishop Caldwell attempts to prove its fallacy, by supposing it acted upon in common life, in the following words:—"A man accused of murder neither denies his guilt nor pleads that he committed the act in self-defence, but addresses the Court in the language of Krishna. 'It is needless,' he says, 'to trouble yourselves about the inquiry any further, for it is impossible that any murder can have taken place. The soul can neither kill nor be killed. It is eternal and indestructible. When driven from one body, it passes into another. Death is inevitable, and another birth is equally inevitable. It is not the part, therefore, of wise men like the judges of the court, to trouble themselves about such things.' Would the judges regard this defence as conclusive? Certainly not * * * Indeed, there seems to be great force in Bishop Caldwell's arguments, and his logic appears irresistible. Krishna's advice was really a bold one. Here is Arjuna, unwilling to fight against his friends and kinsmen, he is filled with pity and cries, "Having beheld, O Krishna, my kindred thus standing anxious for the fight, my limbs fail me, my mouth is dried up, the hairs stand upon my body, and all my frame trembleth. Even Gândivâ, my bow, falls from my hands, and my skin burns. I am not able to stand; my mind, as it were, turns round also. O Kesava, I behold inauspicious omens on all sides. When I shall have destroyed my kindred, shall I longer look for happiness? I wish not for victory, dominion, or pleasure. For what is dominion and enjoyment of life, or even life itself, when those for whom dominion, pleasure and enjoyment were to be coveted, have abandoned life and fortune, and stand bere in the field ready for the battle." Arjuna's arguments are apparently very sound, and any man other than Krishna—unless he was particularly interested in the destruction of Duryodana and his host—would under such circumstances have simply, it would appear, advised Arjuna to cease fighting, and turn back from the battle-field.

All the great teachers of the world have uniformly preached the doctrine of non-resistance, and Krishna's advice to fight, given to a man who shrank from fighting, is certainly very strange. It is no wonder, therefore, that the arguments employed by him have been charged with being enuistic; and what is worse, the highest philosophy is invoked to compel Arjuna to do an apparently unjustifiable deed. The position which Krishna took must be reconcilable with the teachings of other great men of the world; or there is only one alternative, namely, that we must be prepared to give up the Gita, and disclaim all allegiance to its author. The principle of non-resistance is really too deeply rooted in the nature of things to be false or erroneous; and one of the sincerest admirers of Christ, Count Tolstoi, vehemently recommends a thorough-going application of this doctrine in all departments of human activity; and if his interpretation of the doctrine be correct, war itself would appear to have been condemned by Christ. Plainly put, the case stands thus. All the great teachers of the world preach non-resistance. 'Who-ever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' is a glorious ethical precept; and the larger the application it receives, the better should it be for both the individual and the society. According to one of his commentators, Jesus Christ, not the least of the prophets of the world, condemns war itself. Peace, peace, peace! is the one cry of the Upanishads. In the face of such an overwhelming authority in favour of non-resistance, Krishna advises a man who is wholly unwilling to fight, to engage in a bloody war; nay worse, He contradicts not merely the other teachers of the world, but also Himself. For, again and again, in the Gita, he recommends *ahimsa* (non-injury)—e.g., XIII: 8. Is Krishna right, is the question; and very much depends upon the answer. The case is very strong against Him, and we have arrived at a really critical stage of our discussion. But let us see if a satisfactory explanation could be had for the strange conduct of Krishna; or otherwise, we must be prepared to disclaim Him and His book. For 'There is no religion higher than truth.'

(To be continued.)

Seekers after God.

II. SRÎ RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA.

India is essentially a land of religious realization. Throughout the community, there has been from time immemorial an anxious groping after the unknown reality beyond the phenomenal world. In one way and another, efforts have been made, some of them desperate and wild in their character, to see God face to face. All the resources of the human mind, both in its emotional and its intellectual side, have been stretched to the utmost to obtain the undisturbed and sacred bliss of Heaven—the peace which passeth all understanding. In India more than in any other country, Paradise has been lost and regained. The unquestioning and unsuspecting optimism of ignorance—the early Paradise of man—has necessarily to be lost, when evil, sin, and grief assert their existence, and claim a clear recognition. And pessimism, which is a necessary result of such recognition and is at present a prevalent tendency in some countries, has, at least in ours, been fortunately replaced by a final optimism, the result of Vedântic search and religious realisation; and thus has Paradise been re-won.

In no other country is spirituality so marked a national character; and if, to-day, in the midst of the most materialistic civilizations, we are able to preserve that character intact, it is due almost wholly to the influence of perfected men, who have from time to time appeared in our midst, and presented to public gaze, both by example and precept, the great ideal of Liberation. From the Vedic times downwards, successive waves of spirituality have risen and deluged our country from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; and the influence of the unknown seers of the Upanishads, of Rāma and Krishna, of Buddha, Sankara and Rāmānuja, and other epoch-making characters, is still a living force in our society, and has at successive times given birth to lesser luminaries, the saints, sages and *bhaktas* of our land. Indeed, their influence is quite as living to-day as ever; and we shall have no cause to complain of our present age, when we remember that it has brought forth men like Chaitanya, Thāyumanavar, Dayānanda Saraswati, and Rāmakrishna Paramahansa. The last of these great men will form our study for the present. In Nanda we saw a real *bhakta* of Southern India, sprung from the lowest caste. In the Paramahansa we shall find a genuine seeker after God of Northern India, sprung from the highest caste. Spirituality in our country is not the monopoly of any particular sect or part of the country; and, if only to illustrate this truth, the life of Rāmakrishna comes in as a fitting sequel to that of Nanda the Pariah Saint.

The study of Rāmakrishna is of interest to us in another way also. He was a man who lived quite within the memory of many still living; and consequently, mythology has not yet succeeded in completely burying his genuine personality within its cumbrous folds. One great advantage in his case is that we can, with the help of his disciples and biographers, bring him back before us in imagination, and study him with immense profit—how he ate and slept, and what sort of life he lived, and so on. These details are not mere biographical curiosities; they give the real clue to his character, and help us in understanding where exactly he differs from other men. We can know what is common between us and him, and what is not; and, in the light of this knowledge, struggle to develop ourselves. In him we shall find an ideal which every one of us may try to realise with advantage—a Mahātman not enshrouded in mystery, or concealed from mortal view, but, in the words of Max Müller, 'a real Mahātman' whom we can understand and sympathise with.

In another way also is Rāmakrishna interesting to us. Though he himself never moved in the world, or was a man of the world, and though he never professed to teach others, the influence which he exercised on Keshab Chander Sen, G. C. Ghose (the Bengali Garrick and Shakespeare), Surendranath Bose, P. C. Mozoomdar, and a large number of highly educated men, was simply extraordinary. "A score of young men who were closely attached to him have become ascetics after his death." They follow his teachings by giving up the enjoyment of wealth and carnal pleasure, living together in a *mutt*, and retiring at times to holy and solitary places all over India, even as far as the Himalayan mountains. "The great apostles of the Vedānta in foreign countries—Swāmis Vivekānanda, Sārādānanda, Avedānanda—all come from this *mutt*; and it was the voice of Rāmakrishna that thundered in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, and is now drawing forth to the glorious philosophy of the Upanishads the interest and admiration of all the civilised world. If, in no long time, the merits of the Vedānta come to be recognised among continental thinkers, and it attains the high place which it eminently deserves

among the philosophies of the world, a great part of the credit for such recognition will be the due of the teacher who never taught, but lived his teaching. "The state in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern" truly says Plato, "is best and most quietly governed, and the state in which they are most willing is the worst." In the same way, it may be said, the teachings of those who are most anxious to teach are often the worst, and the teachings of those who have no idea of teaching often turn out to be the wisest and the most profound. At any rate, it was so in Rāmakrishna's case. He declined to be the *guru*, in the proper sense of the word, to any one; and, in uttering his now famous sayings, which Max Müller regards 'as the spontaneous outburst of profound wisdom, clothed in beautiful poetical language', he never once dreamt of their commanding the admiration of European and American scholars. If he was a teacher of mankind, he was unconsciously so. Writing about his wonderful influence, Mozoomdar says:—

"My mind is floating in the luminous atmosphere which that wonderful man diffuses around him whenever and wherever he goes. My mind is not yet disenchanted of the mysterious and indefinable pathos which he pours into it whenever he meets me. What is there common between him and me? I, a Europeanised, civilised, self-centered, semi-sceptical, so-called educated reasoner, and he, a poor, illiterate, shrunken, unpolished, diseased, half-idolatrous friendless Hindu devotee? Why should I sit long hours to attend to him, I who have listened to Disraeli and Fawcett, Stanley and Max Müller, and a whole host of European scholars and divines. I who am an ardent disciple and follower of Christ, a friend and admirer of liberal minded Christian missionaries and preachers, a devoted adherent and worker of the rationalistic Brahmo Samaj.—why should I be spell-bound to hear him? And it is not I only, but dozens like me who do the same. He has been interviewed and examined by many, crowds pour in to visit and talk with him. Some of our clever intellectual fools have found nothing in him, some of the contemptuous Christian missionaries would call him an impostor, or a self-deluded enthusiast. I have weighed their objections well, and what I write now, I write deliberately."

Rāmakrishna* was born at the village of Sripoor Kamerpoor in the Hooghly District in the year 1834. He was the last of three sons, the first of whom was named Rāmkumār and second Rameswar. The Paramahansa was known in his childhood as *Gadādhara*, or familiarly, *Gadai*, signifying Vishnu—a name given him by his father, in commemoration of a vision the latter had, revealing to him the birth of a son who would prove a saviour of thousands. As a boy, Rāmakrishna was somewhat lean, and fair in complexion, spoke sweetly, and was liked by every one. A place where he was most petted was the house of one of his friends Gangāvisnu, whose mother was exceedingly fond of him, preferring him to her own son, and reserving the best sweetmeats for him.

(To be continued.)

* The details of Rāmakrishna's life are mostly from a biography of his in Bengali by Ramachandra Datta, &c., one of his most devoted *grihasta* disciples.

"Behold now, brethren," said he. "I exhort you, saying, 'Decay is inherent in all component things, but the truth will remain for ever.' Work out your salvation with diligence!" This was the last word of the Tathagata.—*The Gospel of Buddha.*

The Ātman.

A STORY FROM THE UPANISHADS.

The highest aim of philosophy is to know what the *Ātman* (soul) is, and to determine its relation with the *Param-ātman* or the Universal Soul; in other words, what soul is and how it is related to God. Philosophers have written a good deal on the subject, but generally in a language replenished with hard technical expressions. The utility of their writings is therefore confined only to the advanced students of philosophy, and the general public can derive but little advantage from them. Our ancient Rishis recognized the right of the general mankind to be taught of the *Ātman*, and the benefit to the community arising therefrom. Therefore, besides treating the subject in the philosophical way—using hard and intricate technicalities, such as in the *Vedānta Sūtra* and the commentaries thereon—they have also put it in plain popular style intelligible to an average intellect. Teaching by parables has not its beginning in the New Testament of Christ, but originated in the Upanishads of the Hindu—that body of sacred writings around which there shines an eternal halo of hoary antiquity.

The story of Virochana and Indra in the Chandogya Upanishad throws a flood of light on the difficult subject of the '*Ātman*'. Once upon a time, so goes the story, the Devas and the Asuras resolved to enquire after the *Ātman*; the Asuras, from the motive that, when they will have understood the *Ātman*, they will be the lords of the whole world; and the Devas, simply from the motive that, if they know the *Ātman*, they will be sinless and ever blissful. Indra among the Devas, and Virochana among the Asuras proceeded forth, with sacrificial fuel in hand, to Prajāpati, and lived there as *brahmachāriṇs* for a period of thirty-two years. Then Prajāpati said unto them, "With what intent do you abide here?" In reply, they said, "We have heard that the *Ātman* is sinless, imperishable and ever blissful. It neither eats, nor drinks, nor is it subject to any passions. It is an eternal truth, knowing which a man attains all the regions and has all his wishes realised. Having a desire to know that, we are staying here." To them Prajāpati said, "The being that you perceive within the eye is that soul; it is Brahma itself, free from death and fear." By 'eye' he meant the eye of knowledge (*pragnānetra*). The pupils took him literally; and, believing Brahma to be a mere reflection, asked, "Which do you mean, sir, the reflection which is seen in the water, or the one seen in a mirror?" To which Prajāpati said, "It is seen in both." Then Prajāpati asked them to bring a bucketful of water and to see themselves in it. On their doing so, Prajāpati said, "What do you see therein?" "We see ourselves, our pictures, to the very hair and nails, sir," returned they. Thereon Prajāpati asked them to come well-dressed* and beautifully ornamented, and then to see themselves again in the water. On doing so, the two pupils said, "We behold ourselves perfectly well in it: as we are dressed and adorned, so are our reflections there." Then Prajāpati said, "This is Brahma immortal and happy." The two pupils being satisfied went away. Prajāpati, seeing them go away, said, "They are both going away without attaining the real truth. They won't profit much by this instruction."

* Prajāpati seems to have meant by 'well-dressed and beautifully ornamented', furnished with good qualities and the four requisite qualifications for discipleship (*sādhana chaturkṛtaya*). The pupils of course took him literally.—Ed.

Virochana, the head of the Asuras, when he reached home, announced to his subjects that he had learnt all about the soul, and unto them imparted this instruction: "Self alone is adorable. Only the self should be served, and, by worshipping and serving one's self, man attains both the worlds." Wrongly understanding, with him the sense of 'Self' to mean the ego or *ahankāra*, one's individual personality, they left off giving alms, believing in good works, and performing religious ceremonies; they became firm advocates of selfishness. Hence are they called *Asuras*. 'Each man for himself' is their Upanishad. Their dead are besmeared with aromatics, and adorned with ornaments and costly raiments; and they think that thereby they will overcome this region and that.*

Now Indra, without going to the Devas, felt dissatisfied, saying within himself, "How can the reflection be the *Ātman*. It takes its form according to the external appearance of my body. It becomes adorned when the body is adorned; it is clean when the body is clean; it is blind when the body is blind; and it disappears with the dissolution of the body. Surely this cannot be the *Ātman*. I see no good in this." Full of these doubts, Indra went again to Prajāpati, and told him his doubts, to which the latter replied, "You are right, Maghavān. This reflection is surely not the *Ātman*. I shall explain it again to you. Dwell here for another thirty-two years." Indra did accordingly. Then Prajāpati said, "The Soul is that which enjoys in the state of dream, the feeling of being satisfied by the attainment of a wished-for object. This is Brahma, ever living and ever blissful."

For the time being, Indra was satisfied with this explanation of the soul; but, ere long, doubts began to crop up in his mind. He went back to Prajāpati, and told him that he was not contented with that explanation. "Since it becomes not blind when the body is deprived of its eyes, and remains un mutilated when the body is mutilated, it is not affected by the defects of the body nor destroyed by the destruction of the body; but since it feels as if it is being beaten, driven away, and put to grief and to weeping, I see no good in it. Initiate me, O father, into the true knowledge of it." Prajāpati, on hearing this, said, "Surely this is not the soul, it is higher and nobler. Abide here for another thirty-two years, if you are solicitous to know it."

Indra again did the same, and, after the expiry of the appointed term, he entreated Prajāpati to explain to him the real truth of the thing. Unto him, then, said Prajāpati, "That in which the sleeper retiring is completely at rest and knows no dreaming, is the soul;" and added: "This is Brahma, eternal and fearless."

This instruction seemed to satisfy Indra for the time being; but, shortly after, he began to question its sufficiency, saying, "How can this be the soul? During sleep it knows not itself; nor does it know these elements as they are. It seems to be altogether destroyed for the time being. I see no good in it." So again Indra came back to the Primeval Father, Prajāpati, and expressed his doubts before him, saying, "O father, when in the state of dreamless sleep, one loses all idea of individuality. The soul seems to be all destroyed for the time being. I can see no good in this." "Even so it is," returned Prajāpati; "now dwell for five years more with me as a

* A large number of men in this world are selfish, and are therefore *Asuras* or killers of the Self (*Ātmahanta* of the *Iśa*, Upa.) "All those who, through ignorance, are devoted to the nourishing of their lives merely, and addicted to sensual pleasures, are called *Asuras*. Such persons mistake like Virochana their lower selves to be the eternal *Ātman*; even when they seek knowledge, they do it for the sake of show, and with impure motives.—Ed.

brahmachârin (i. e., one who inquires about the Brahman), and I shall explain to you the real nature of the soul."

In accordance with this injunction, Indra abode there for five years more, at the end of which he again entreated Prajâpati to instruct him. Then Prajâpati explained, in these words, the true character of the Soul to Maghavan (Indra) :—

"Listen now, Indra, to the true nature of the Soul. The body you have is perishable and transient. Yet it is a resting-place for the immortal and bodiless Soul. When thus embodied (i.e. imagined to be tied down to a body), the soul appears subject to desires and passions; but, in its own real nature, it is bodiless and free, and has nothing to do with desirable and repulsive objects. Just as the wind and the clouds, the lightning and the thunder, being all bodiless, issue forth from the yonder blue sky, by the intense heat of the sun, and take their respective forms;* so man, rising forth through the Great Light of wisdom from a sense of bondage and attachment to his body, takes his own genuine form, i.e., himself becomes the *Atman* or the Self which is distinct from the body. Then he becomes the best of men. He might then safely lord it with eating and playing and enjoying with women or equipages or relatives, for he is really unattached and does not mistake the body for the *Atman*, the only true entity. Just as cattle, though attached to an equipage, are really distinct from it; so is the soul, though attached to the body. Now, the *Atman* is that which wills to see when you see, It is that which wills to smell when you smell, It is that which wills to speak when you speak, It is that which wills to hear when you hear, It is that which wills to think when you think. The mind is the celestial eye observing all the objects of desire. By the help of the celestial eye of the mind, the soul enjoys them all. Now, because the Devas adored that soul in the region of Brahma, therefore they obtained all regions and all their desires were fulfilled. He attains all regions and obtains all his desires who having duly enquired knows the soul." Thus said Prajâpati, verily thus said Prajâpati.

Then Indra went home happy, and all the gods rejoiced over his success.

From the above story, we learn that the *Atman* is not the body, nor is it merely the consciousness of the waking state, nor that in the dreaming or the sleeping state. It is beyond the organs of sense, the ears, eyes, nose, &c.; but the will which guides their functions as hearing, seeing, &c., belongs to the Soul. The Soul is also beyond the mind, yet that which is the spring of thought in the mind belongs to it. The soul enjoys all things. It is the innermost principle of all the functions of the organs and the mind. It is the final consciousness in man, the absolute ultimate 'knower,' which works through the mind, the senses and the body, and is yet separate from them all.

Besides explaining the nature of the *Atman*, the allegory also shews how earnest, pureminded and persistent the search after It must be. Any inquiry into It conducted with base motives or want of zeal, will prove futile, or worse still, mislead and pervert the mind, as in the case of Virochana. Moreover, truth will always be revealed in this as well as in other departments of know-

* The meaning seems to be that just as the wind, etc., are hid in the sky before being separated through the heat of the sun, so the *Atman* or soul is concealed in the body before man recognizes it through wisdom as a distinct entity from the body. This recognition through wisdom is true liberation.—Ed.

ledge, only step by step, according to the mental capacity of the inquirer.

KANNOO MAL, B. A.

Om! S'a'ntib, S'a'ntib, S'a'ntib.

PEACE, PEACE, PEACE.

There was once a great prophet, by name Elijah, who fled away from his countrymen, as they "forsook God's covenant and threw down His Altars." He took refuge in a cave and was told that God would appear to him. There came a great and strong wind, which rent the mountains and devastated the forests; Elijah thought that the Lord had come, but the Lord was not in the wind. After the wind, came the thunder and the lightning, but the Lord was not in them either. Then came an earthquake; the earth belched forth fire, the rocks were torn to pieces and the mountain was rent to its foundations; Elijah looked for the Lord, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. Then followed a beautiful calm, indescribably beautiful; and Elijah knew that God was there, and so He was.

The above is a beautiful allegory. The storm, the earthquake and the other things referred to, symbolise the rage of the senses, the intellect, &c. "The mind which follows the tempestuous senses goes to ruin, like a ship tossed about in the middle of the ocean by a (tremendous) storm." (Gita, II. 67). God dwells in the supreme tranquillity of the mind (*Santi*). "He who is free from desire and without grief, beholds by the tranquillity of his senses the Majesty of the *Atman* or God, who is subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great, and is seated in the heart of the living being." (Kath. Upa. II. 20). "But the man whose charioteer (the intellect) is wise, and the reins of whose mind are well applied, obtains the goal of the road, the highest place of Vishnu (God)." (*Ibid.* III. 9.)

A RECLUSE.

Elements of the Veda'nta.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE VISION.

We have seen in the two previous chapters that all of us, consciously or unconsciously, are every moment of our lives in hot pursuit after happiness, which however acts with us the will-o'-the-wisp. There is an Indian play in which a boy is blindfolded and led by another: the former enquires how far a particular place is from where they stand, and the latter replies, "Only a little distance off;" the boy walks a little farther, and then puts the same question; again walks a little, and repeats the question; but every time the question is put, the same reply is invariably given; and after wandering a long while in this playful fashion, the eyes are unfolded, and the boys return to where they started from. Our search for happiness in the external world is like this childish play: what we seek is always just a little way off. We therefore concluded that the mind must die; or, in other words, cease its functions, before happiness, which seems to be not outside but within ourselves, is realised. But what do we mean by saying that the mind must die?

One morning, a few years ago, I was reading a favorite book of mine, when I came upon the words, 'what profits a man to speak, when his mind is not yet dead?' I could not make out the passage: "the death of the mind—what does it mean?" I said to myself, "and how could those speak whose minds are dead?" My curiosity was roused. I respected the author of the book so much that I could not call the passage absurd; at the same time, I could not help thinking so. The words themselves, owing perhaps to the difficulty of their sense, had a strange fascination for me, and kept ringing in my ears all the day. In the evening, I was present at a post-mortem examination, and I was closely observing the process of dissecting the human body. The words of the sage I referred to, occurred to me at that time, and suddenly a desire rose in me to see the inner man dissected and laid bare to view as easily as the outer frame. I had not of course the materials for such an internal dissection, and so I had to go to bed with my desire unsatisfied. At about 4 in the morning, a strange vision appeared to me in my dream. A *sanyasin* of rather a majestic stature, in a very venerable appearance, with his long hair matted and folded up, round above round, like the coils of a serpent, with sacred ashes shining in his bright forehead, with a beard which lent to him a rare Rishi-like aspect, and clad in orange-colored robes, appeared before me. I and a friend of mine, who were talking together, immediately rose and prostrated ourselves before the great *yogin*. He commanded us to rise, and gave sacred ashes first to me and then, muttering a few words by way perhaps of incantation, to my friend, and lo! my friend fell down at once, and my own eyes began to whirl; a few seconds more, I felt that my vision had become clearer in some mysterious manner, and that I was able to see into the inner reality of things: every thing around me seemed ready to unfold the secrets of its nature. When I looked at my friend, I saw, to my great surprise, that his body melted away like dews before the sun, leaving behind a vast effulgence, which became clearer every second, and finally stood divided into five big luminaries, arranged one above another but still connected together. The lowest was a tremendously big mass of light of the size of the moon, and equally bright, but of a beautiful red color. It was constantly rolling and changing within itself, and often projecting itself this side and that like fire burning. Above it, and connected with it by a stream of orange light, was a circle of effulgence, much bigger in dimensions, perhaps as big as the sun; it was of a bright yellow color. It was a little steadier and the sight of it was really charming; above it, and of nearly the same dimensions, was a huge blue light even steadier; above it still was a vast expanse of violet, which seemed to be constantly changing and running in occasional streams, towards the three lights below, now towards the one and now to the other. In spite of its brilliancy, it was rather terrible to look at; and constant changes within its body made it even ugly. It was very busy, and had constant transactions with the other spheres. It was really a relief when my eyes crossed over this ugly ocean of violet to a vast abundance of brilliant, spotless, white, spreading itself like an ocean of milk as far as eyes can reach, which was above all the other spheres. While the latter spheres were constantly changing within themselves, it was in a perfectly halcyon state of repose, without even a ripple to disturb its even tranquillity. It was the purest of the group and had in it a beauty, a perfection, a calmness, and a serenity which no words can describe. It was the most splendid thing that I have ever seen in my life, and my eyes were riveted to it. I stood spell-bound be-

fore it, and was about to lose all my consciousness in the silent music of its splendor, when lo! the great *yogin* who sat by me, gently struck me with a golden wand and directed me to look at the lesser lights. The series of the tremendously big and wonderful globes of lights before me, was really a strange vision. They covered altogether an immeasurable area on all sides, and even my newly acquired vision was not enough to gauge their vast proportions, especially when I strove to have a view of the biggest and topmost light, I had to strain my eyes considerably, and even then, I could have only a glimpse of that ocean of whiteness.

The strange magician before me touched the lowest light with his golden wand and said, "By the power I have from the Lord of Light, I bid thee speak, stop thy mad monkey-like restlessness for a moment, and tell me who thou art and what thy name?" At once that luminous vision bowed to the *yogin* and replied, "Master, all honor to thy sovereign feet. I am thy humble servant *Manas* (that faculty which communicates with the outer world through the senses). I am still doing what my master bade me do, my work is to wander forth and gather all I can from whatever opens out to my view, the senses are the doors by which I sally out; not a moment's rest have I. By the power thou gavest me, and with the help of those above me, I create, sustain and destroy all the world of plants, animals, stars and men, and carry on thy eternal sport." "Very well," replied the magician. "On with thy work until I bid thee cease." At once the red light began to be restless as ever. The magic wand was then directed to the golden light above, which was imperiously commanded to unfold its secrets at once. "My Lord," it said, stopping for a while its work, and bowing. "My Master, thy humble servant worships thy golden feet, my name is, as you chose to christen me, Intellect or Reason, people call me thy brightest image on earth. My work is to look into the harvest which the wandering *Manas* hourly brings, and select the good from the bad. When last we dissolve in thee, I shew my neighbouring spheres who and where thou art. Without me, they may not know thee." The golden wand next went up to the third circle of light, which said, "My Lord! accept my worship, thy humble servant sketches forth into action what Reason wishes to see done; myself and he are co-laborers: and whatever he says, I try to do: desire and deed belong to me, and I am called Will."

The conjurer then raised his wand towards the violet mass, and bade it speak. It was more haughty in disposition, and cared not even to bow before him: "My name is Ego, the lower self," it said "or *Ahankāra*, as I am deservedly called. All the lower spheres are mine by birth-right. I am their lord and sovereign, and know no superior. As with all kings, uneasy lies my head that wears a crown. I am in constant worry; and my moods hourly vary: such is the fate of all sovereigns. I created myself and cannot die: but who are you? I command thee stand and unfold." "Yes" replied the conjurer with a smile, and, raising himself up to his full height, coolly gave a severe blow to the impertinent Ego that would command. The walls of my room, in which, strangely enough, all these lights seemed shut up, resounded to the noise of the blow. Poor Ego lost all color and died away in a second's time, and with it, wonderfully enough, all the other spheres. Red, yellow, blue and violet, all died away at once; and what remained—a boundless ocean of brilliant white, the same as the topmost one, but apparently enlarged, if infinity could be enlarged, by the addition of the four great lights that died; vast effulgence, in the light of which suns, moons, stars were

as nothing; a soft calmness which no words can describe; a beauty unheard of in the highest poetry of any land; a spotless radiance, before which my eyes quailed, and to which I myself was drawn as if by an invisible magnet. The conjurer of *yogic* pomp and mysterious powers, who sat by my side, sprang up as soon as he saw the unseeable brightness before us, and crying, "I am thou and thou art I," dissolved in that ocean of light and disappeared once and for ever. I stood like one enchanted for a few seconds, and felt a strange sensation of blessedness creeping over me, which gradually absorbed me, and, drawing me into the magic ocean of bliss, made me feel like a rain-drop lost in an ocean.

I do not know how long I remained in that state of unconscious and ineffable bliss; when I woke, it was 7 in the morning. The inquisitive rays of the sun had advanced far into the room; and my children—five of them they were—were sitting upon me, and making desperate attempts to rouse me to a sense of the world in which they were. I woke up much against my will, and would feign have resumed my fairy slumber, but that was not to be. I felt extremely happy, and the remembrance of the blessedness of my strange sleep did not quit me the whole of the morning. I was all kindness and joy that whole day, and the wonderful vision I enjoyed on that memorable night, is as vivid to me now as if I had seen it but an hour ago.

I thought over the details of my vision, or rather, dream, as indeed it must have been. The doubt about the death of the mind which had previously troubled me was now solved. I found that *Manas*, Intellect and Will were all of the same essence as God or *Atman* into which the *sanyasin* and myself were both dissolved. They appeared distinct through *ahankāra*; and when that was destroyed by the magician's wand, they returned to their original common essence. Analysing further, and reflecting upon the statements, so to speak, of the several parties, I found that *Manas*, Reason, Will and *Ahankāra* were all one in nature, and different only in the functions they performed; for *Manas* is nothing but knowledge, perception, or consciousness of the outerworld. Reason is nothing but the knowledge, perception, or consciousness of the mind refined still further; for the mind gathers impressions from the outerworld, and reason selects among them what is good and bad. The mind perceives the outerworld, reason in its turn perceives the mind. In other words the mind is knowledge acquired through the senses, and reason is the knowledge of that knowledge. In the same way, Will is knowledge applied, it is perception directed upon reason, and applied. *Ahankāra* is the sum total of these perceptions, the knowledge of the mind, the reason and of the will. All these are constantly changing, and *Ahankāra* is therefore so unsteady in its moods. It is nothing but the individual personality of man, the human consciousness which separates 'you' from 'me'—the sum total of the various states of mind, grief and joy, pleasure and pain, and other pairs of opposites, as they are called. It identifies itself at one time with the body, as when we say, "I am strong or weak;" another time, with the mind, as when we say, "I am glad or I am sorry, &c.;" and when we say, "I wish or I do," it is one with the will.

The white light above the sphere of *Ahankāra* is the knowledge which witnesses all its varying moods; it is necessarily changeless, for, otherwise, there can be no connected consciousness of the varying states of the mind. It is that faculty in us which perceives the individual personality, and is called *Sākshi* or Witness, the higher

Ego. In every moment of our lives, the inner man or knowledge, as we might now call it, or *pragnāna* is performing five functions simultaneously: the first is gathering impressions from outside; the second is that of sorting them; the third that of acting upon them; the fourth that of expressing itself as "I see and think and do;" and the last, that of simply witnessing these various functions. It is knowledge itself pure and simple. What is termed Mind, i. e., from *Ahankāra* down to *Manas*, is also knowledge, but distorted into distinct appearances through the false medium of the *Ahankāra* or the lower self. The example of a prism will best illustrate this. As the prism disperses one light into several colors, so does this *Ahankāra* or the assertive personality of man disperse knowledge—which alone really is, and which is One without a second—into the several appearances of the *manas*, intellect, &c. When *Ahankāra* is killed, i. e., when man comes to know that his individual consciousness is not really different from Consciousness or *Pragna* as a whole, but only appears so, the *manas*, the intellect and the will lose their false individuality, and what remains is knowledge undispersed and concentrated. It is this knowledge or consciousness which really is called God or *Atman*. The death of the mind therefore means nothing more than that it knows and realises that it is not really different from universal consciousness or *Pragna*, but only appears to be so, in other words, it 'enters into the Kingdom of God by being born again.'

True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastry.

(Continued from page 72.)

the jewels that she has to throw away, not for the hair she has to give away to the barber, but for the kindest of husbands and the best of all that loved, her richest treasure, her dearest joy.

Krishna is no more, and over his ashes we can only sing the old dirge.—

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:

.....
Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

CHAPTER V.

SUBBI AND THE 'WILD CAT.'

In the death of Krishna. Dindigul lost one of its best citizens; and the poor of the place, a generous supporter and friend. Krishna had large estates at his disposal, and a heart much larger; and no beggar, of whatever caste, was ever turned out of his doors with a repulsive 'no.' Though young in years, he was the Solon of the city, and one of the prominent leaders in all its public movements. No wonder then that, on his cremation day, the whole town was in tears; and a lot of philosophy involuntarily emanated from the lips of all, young and old; and sermonising on the vanity of human life was the prevalent epidemic for the whole of the

day. The dead past somehow buries its dead, and no vacancy is ever felt in the busy market of our world, any more than the death of a wave causes a breach in the bosom of the sea. The sky stinted not its usual splendour, even on that woful day; and the sun which rose next morning looked none the gloomier for Krishna's death. Even so late as the last century, there is authority to prove that the planets above, the moon, and even our dull earth kept tune with the changing moods of men, especially the rich ones; for, when a Zamindar of N——died in 1785 A. D. the Poet laureate of his kingdom, inspired of course by the never faltering muse, has stated that the sun fled away with grief, that all nature wept, and the moon herself kept out of her heavenly court in mourning. It is not however stated, unfortunately, for how many days the sun kept out of sight, and whether the moon so sympathetic was due that night or not. However that be, the skies wore no mourning for Krishna's death, and life at Dindigul fell into its old rut not very long after the sad event of the place. Even our Annammâl and poor Krishna's mother exchanged their grief for a mutual quarrel between them; the latter gently hinting that her son's death was due to a fault in 'the wicked' Lakshmi's horoscope, and the former loudly replying that her dear daughter was widowed because she had been married to the 'sinful,' 'ungrateful,' 'short-lived' Krishna. A double passion now stirred up the volcano-heart of Annammâl, and it required all the philosophy of her husband to prevent an untimely eruption.

Lakshmi, poor Lakshmi, was simply inconsolable. She often seriously meditated suicide; but she did not dare make an attempt, as she was day and night surrounded by a number of visitors and relatives. Many an eye was bent towards her with deep but ineffectual pity; and on the tenth day, there was a little row among the elders of the house when she refused to decorate herself, as the custom is, with all her ornaments, and submit to be the cynosure of a crowd of Job's comforters. Annammâl insisted on her doing it, with the desire to see her in the height of her beauty before she changed once for all the wife's dress for the widow's. It was really a most melancholy scene when Lakshmi, one of the fairest of her sex, and adorned with costliest jewels from head to foot, sat bursting out in recurrent paroxysms of inconsolable but useless grief, amidst a crowd of men and women, most of whom perhaps came out of curiosity, but were all drowned in tears at the sight of her unfortunate angel-like beauty, which, in the course of a few hours, would melt away in the ghastliness of widowhood. There was a roar of weeping all around, and its melancholy noise brought tears into the eyes of the most cruel men. Annammâl violently beat her breast, and was simply wild with grief. Even her husband could not bear the heart-rending scene.

While such wild wailing, terrible beating of breast and tearing of hair were going on in Krishna's house, a dark, sulky-faced man was sitting at the pial of a house not far off, absorbed in a day-dream, which, judging from the changing expressions and contortions on his face, apparently forebode no good. A boy, naked and dirty, was at that time playing in the street just before him, and made some wild shouts, excited probably by his play. The sulky-faced man aforesaid suddenly started up from his reverie, and, running up to the boy, who was evidently his son, took him up in his arms, pressed him again and again to his bosom, and kissed him all over the body with unspeakable joy. The boy, who was a perfect stranger to such caresses from his gener-

ally cold and morose father, surnamed the Wild-cat, was eager to rush out from the hands which held him. Nâyanna Sâstry, for that was the name of the man, would not let him go. "My child, my dear child, my prince, my joy," he cried; and in reply the child screamed, "leave me, let me go, or I will tell mother;" and briskly kicked him. The father's caresses, however, did not so soon come to an end. He again and again squeezed his boy, addressed him in a strange farrago of terms of endearment; but, all the same, the boy kicked him with his restive legs, and abused him in exchange. The father, however, did not get offended, but laughed outright, to the impatience and disgust of the child, who could not make out the meaning of his father's sudden affection for him. The one laughed and danced, and the other kicked and screamed.

While this was going on, there came near them a woman, and wanted water to wash her legs with. She was the wife of Nâyanna Sâstri, and was just then coming from the polluted house of Krishna, and so asked for water. At the sight of her, the boy aimed a violent kick at his father's teeth, and, very nearly breaking one of them jumped out to his mother, screaming, "Wild-cat, Wild-cat!" This amiable surname, 'Wild-cat,' was first conferred upon Nâyanna by his beloved wife. Beginning from the kitchen, it went all round the town; and the boys, especially, knew him only by that name. However much he might have endured it as an expression of love from his wife, he was not willing to be called by that name by the street boys, and got angry whenever he was so addressed. The shrewd boys soon found this out, and grew more and more eager to provoke him. So they would always shout behind him, "Wild-cat, Wild-cat;" and he muttering to himself, "These rascally boys!—all are not wives," would rush after them, pouring forth a torrent of abuses.

It was a regular hunt once a day, whenever he appeared out. His wife alone enjoyed the privilege of calling him 'Wild cat' with impunity.

Now, as soon as the boy rushed forth to her, invoking her aid against the said Wild-cat, she directed her husband into the house, and solemnly proceeded to institute an inquiry. "What do you mean, you wild-cat, by standing in the street laughing, while the whole town pretends to weep? and what again is the meaning of your ill-treating my dear child?" The wild-cat could only laugh in reply, his nearly-broken tooth notwithstanding. The wife gently chid him, saying, "Have you gone mad?"; and, employing a few words of abuse by way of endearment, succeeded in eliciting from him the following reply. "I have carefully calculated, and we have grown suddenly rich." The curious wife said, "If, by calculating merely, you can make us rich, go on calculating without even taking your food, but why thus trouble my child?" He replied, "It is all through him we have got rich, it is all through him, you know." "What! has he found out any treasure for you, my dear wild-cat?" impatiently asked Subbi, for that was the lady's name. "Not so, not so!" ejaculated Nâyanna, "That fellow Krishna is gone; and so our child Muttu will be the heir, you understand."

At this stage, this edifying conversation was unfortunately broken by the sudden appearance of a third person.

(To be continued.)

In philosophy, fact and duty, i. e. that which is, and that which ought to be, are blended into one identity.

—Ferrier.